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book is very satisfactory. It will recommend itself to all readers of average information desirous to learn something of the persecutions and sufferings of this most unhappy people, and will not fail to win them to their cause.

R. J. P.

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**The New Jerusalem**, by G. K. Chesterton. New York: George H. Doran Co. Pp. vii+307.

Chesterton is above all a journalist and he is above all journalists. His earliest writing was for the press and most of his books first appeared as editorial essays. His history, his poetry, his biography, his criticism, and his essays all have a strong blend of journalism. He is a "viewy" writer as journalists are required to be. His much admired style is essentially journalistic.

Everybody admits he is brilliant. His mastery of epigram and paradox is the first characteristic that strikes a reader. True, this quality—it is really a dazzling mannerism—is derived first from his habit of sorting words over deliberately for contrasts, contradictions and surprises; and secondly from a trick first popularized by Oscar Wilde, and later erected into a religion by George Bernard Shaw, of standing simple truths on their heads for the purpose of startling people. The result is a blinding brilliance which I modestly venture to suggest defeats its purpose. It is precisely like watching a hundred pretty pictures flit by the window of a fast-moving train; you have a vague sense of pleasure but you remember nothing. It is like looking through that simple toy, the kaleidoscope. Every movement yields a new and beautiful picture, but there is no lasting impression. In Chesterton's style so many things are striking that nothing strikes; you can't see the woods for trees. In making a book as in making a speech, emphasis is absolutely necessary for success. Both must be so constructed that the strong points, the high lights, will be recognized and remembered, but in a too scintillant style like Chesterton's the power of emphasis is completely lost, just as the force of italics would be lost in an essay where every second or third word was printed in italics. This too is a natural journalistic phenomenon. One may blink through the blazing brilliance of a single essay, but few can support being dazzled through a whole book. Hence

most men find it impossible to read more than a chapter of Chesterton at one sitting. *The New Jerusalem* is characteristically Gilbertian, beginning with a bit of delicious drollery about the antics of a dog and a donkey as the writer starts on his pilgrimage from London to Jerusalem. He closes the book with an account of his home coming: "And in that distance, as I draw nearer, I heard the barking of a dog." Between these points lie thirteen chapters and a conclusion. It is Chesterton through and through, and it is journalism through and through. The author himself describes the work as an "uncomfortably large note book," and protests that the notes are unrevised. Nevertheless they illustrate perfectly the prodigiously tenacious Chesterton mind and memory, and the bewildering and almost uncanny fertility with which ideas sprout up around him wherever he walks. In his new environment his paradoxes naturally deal largely with fresh and unfamiliar subjects, and yet all the old loyalties and all the old aversions march solemnly up and down these chapters. He philosophises about cities, and their history, civilizations and their fates, racial characteristics, the crusades, and of course there is a great deal about the Jew. The heart of this book, as justifying its title and differentiating it from the ordinary Chesterton work, is the chapter entitled "The Problem of Zionism," in which the redoubtable author acquits himself triumphantly of the charge of anti-Semitism, and prays—though I am bound to say without much faith, hope or charity—that Zion may be restored and her children gathered unto her from England and all the countries of the world.

Chesterton is interesting for many reasons and among them because though born and educated in agnosticism he fought his way into Christianity without the aid of philosophies or apologetics, but merely by a study of mankind and its complete adaptability to Christian civilization. He has always manifested a heroic loyalty to justice, liberty, religion and the other big beautiful loves in human life. He does so through this prismatic, colorful book. It is as wholesome as green fields and running brooks.

JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.